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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

When other cows ailed in the wet and the cold,
Our Drimin was evermore hearty and bold;
Straight back and firm body and honey-sweet breath,
Mild eyes and grave manners, how could you know
death!

*As O ru Drimin Dhu, och oru agraw,
As O ru Drimin Dhu, go dhu tu slaun!*

O silk of the kine, when amongst us you stood
No milk was as fine and no butter as good,
But oh, 'tis chill water and oh 'tis dry scone,
Since Drimin, since Drimin Dhu Deelish is gone!

*As O ru Drimin Dhu, och oru agraw,
As O ru Drimin Dhu, go dhu tu slaun!*

THE SEA SINGER

The heaven was star-strewn
Above the new moon;
 Before a faint breeze we were floating;
When out of the distance, still clearer and clearer
And nearer and nearer there sighed
 And there cried
A strange, lonesome song o'er the tide.

We stood still and grave
To watch a far wave,
 That gathered and gathered toward us;

The Sea Singer

Till laughing aboard us there leaped from the billow
With locks long and yellow — a Maid —
The Sea Maid,
Whose song on our heart-strings had played.

Sweet pain, pleasure sharp,
She poured from her harp;
Around her we listened in wonder,
The wave warbled under, the stars in heaven's hollow
They all seemed to follow her song,
Her lone song,
As idly we fled along.

To leave us she turned;
Then rashly we burned
To keep her bright beauty before us.
But when to enring her we strove, the Sea Singer
She wove her white finger around
And around,
And left us all standing spell-bound.
Alfred Perceval Graves